



Buy my Flounders, live Flounders?

HOWEVER ugly be his look,
 An honest fellow is Tom Brooke,
 Who sells your Plaife and Flounder;
 Yet if he drinks to such excess,
 No difficulty 'tis to guess,
 His *Smack* will quickly *founder*.

Then Tommy, prithee now attend
 The admonitions of a friend,
 Tho' tis with loth we tell them;
 Else quickly thou no more will tread
 The streets with flounders on thy
 head,
 Nor longer live to sell them.